

Felis et Ursus

by minnie313

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Summary: Not one fic but multiple drabbles, one per chapter ;) (length may vary), MMxRH, non Pottermore compliant, not entirely HBP/DH compliant ;)

## 1. 1-Beautiful

A/N: Hello, hello! ) It has been a long while since I posted anything in the HP fandom, but I recently took to this pairing again and decided to post a series of drabbles . As usual, this is not Pottermore compliant, so if you don't like it, don't read it! It is also not entirely DH and HBP compliant, you've been warned.

**\*\*Disclaimer:\*\*** I will only say it once for all the drabbles: I do not own Harry Potter or any of its character, they are all J. K. Rowling's intellectual property.

**\_\*\*Felis et Ursus\*\*\_**

**\*\*Beautiful: \*\*\_He had never seen such beauty before!\_**

Rating: K+

The first time they met, Minerva McGonagall was sitting on the train to Hogwarts. Rubeus Hagrid, then first year, was looking for a seat that would both accommodate his size and enable him to make some friends before school began. He had always had some difficulty at making friends, whether because of his height or because he was slow on the uptake.

He had just opened the door and stepped into a new corridor when he saw her. He had never seen such beauty before: black shiny hair held up in a ponytail, lovely pale complexion, soft pink lips, and fabulous green eyes guarded by severe glasses.

Her three friends, visibly excited by the new term, could not contain themselves, and their antics visibly amused her: a fond smile had turned her lips upward while she kept reading the enormous volume sitting on her knees.

He did not know how long he stood there, basking in the sight of her, but one of her friends " he would later learn it was Augusta Longbottom " eventually noticed him and nudged her with a mischievous smile before asking what he was doing there, and making space for him in their compartment.

Minerva had raised her head and blushed under the boy's gaze, while his cheeks became the proverbial red. A little embarrassed, the boy sat next to her and her friends Rolanda and Augusta grilled him teasingly|

## 2. 2-Gentle

**\*\*Gentle: \*\*\_She had not met anyone so strong and so gentle\_**

Rating: T

Minerva McGonagall had held on until the end of the Battle, until Potter had defeated the self-proclaimed Dark Lord, and the remaining Death Eaters had been made prisoners.

She had held on in the rage of the Battle, in a duel against Riddle, and during the few moments everyone had thought Potter dead.

She had held on when she had seen Rubeus Hagrid with enormous bruises on his face, and his clothes half in tatters hold the boy in his arms as Voldemort and his Death Eaters forced him to, their wands pointed at him, spells at the ready|

But it was all over now, and as relieved as she felt, the adrenalin in her system was receding. She stood immobile in what used to be the Great Hall. As she took in the scene of utter devastation " the ceiling half crumbled, the windows blown away, the walls with enormous wholes-, Minerva began to tremble.

Rubeus had been looking for her since he saw her disappear at the end of the Battle. When he found her in the Hall, he had not immediately gone to her, he knew she would need a moment alone. But he could not leave her trembling in the midst of all the destruction.

He came to her and turned her towards him. She looked up and her eyes were full of tears. He understood. This had been her home too, and it was destroyed. Slowly, he pulled her to his arms and embraced her, his hands roaming on her back, caressing her hair, his lips kissing the crown of her hair as she shook with sobs.

When she had quietened, he could not seem to detach her from him: her hands were fisted in his beard and his clothes, and she still buried her face in his chest. He took her into his arms with the utmost care and brought her to her rooms, only notifying Madam Pomfrey.

As he laid down beside her on the bed and embraced her again, she felt safe. She had never met anyone so strong and so gentle at the

same time, so attentive to her needs. As exhaustion took her, she knew she would sleep well despite the Battle, because she was in his arms.

### 3. 3-Guilty

**\*\*Guilty: \*\***\_At that moment he had never more regretted flirting with one Olympe Maxime\_

Rating: T

Rubeus Hagrid had been astonished when he had seen her enter the Great Hall with her students: Olympe Maxime, Headmistress of Beauxbâtons, and half giantess. He immediately thought that she would look for his company, that they might share their experience, or â€| wellâ€| he felt stupid now.

When he had shown her the dragons, when he had tried to spend time with her, he had only thought he was looking for the companionship of someone who was just like him. As soon as she had left him to freeze on that stone bench, he had realised that all her flirting had not been anything personal: with the dragons, she had merely wanted an advantage for her student â€| slightly despicable, but understandable, with the Ball, she had probably been relieved to find someone her own size, but nowâ€| he could understand why a personality such as Olympe Maxime had not wanted her origins to made public â€| such were the prejudices in their world, but he had talked to her about his own experienceâ€|

He dejectedly re-entered the Hall. There was so trace of her. He looked uneasy, lost, and usually, Minerva would have taken him aside, and comforted him. Tonight, however, she wanted to scratch his face. Not only had he not asked her to the Ball, he had not even asked her for one dance, preferring instead to spend his time with that big bloated beluga! Not that she minded going to the Ball with Albus, but going to a dance with one's former mentor turned friend or with one's â€| well, they had never really defined what they were anyway, was not the same.

She wanted to hex the beluga into next week â€| it was obvious the â€| \_woman\_ had hurt him â€| but she wanted to punch him even more. He looked at her, and she hissed, hurt and angry, before slipping through the remaining masses with all the elegance of her feline form, to oversee the end of the Ball from the other side of the room.

He looked at her departing form. At that moment, he had never more regretted flirted with one Olympe Maxime. He went back to his hut for the night, feeling even worse than before. Not only had he made a fool of himself with the half giantess, he had also hurt the one person he never wanted to. He went to bed feeling guilty, and had nightmares involving Minerva for the first time since the Dementors had left Hogwarts.

### 4. 4-Injustice

**\*\*Injustice: \*\***\_She punched Dumbledore on the nose! And broke itâ€|\_

Rating: T

17-year-old Minerva McGonagall had never been more furious in her entire life than after hearing Headmaster Dippet's announcement. She had decided to take matters into her own hands and could currently be seen marching down the corridors, Head Girl badge reflecting the light, green eyes flashing, hands tense.

The other students fearfully stood away from her tracks and she came face to face with a smirking Tom Riddle, who seemed either unaware of the danger or plainly amused at the girl's reaction.

"Why, hello, Minerva. Come to congratulate me on catching Hagrid red-handed, have you?"

The girl's eyes flashed dangerously at the boy's cockiness, and she seemed bordering on apoplexy. Professor Dumbledore, who had deemed wise to follow his student, promptly intervened before the girl blasted Riddle or the adjacent doors to smithereens.

"Enough, Tom. The announcement came as quite a shock to everybody." he said tersely, and the Riddle's face momentarily lost its insolence, to take on a slightly obsequious look. "Minerva, come with me, my dear."

She seemed to calm down a little on the journey to his office, but as soon as the door was locked—

"How could you?! How could you do let them do this to him, you blithering idiot!"

"Miss McGonagall!"

"Don't Miss McGonagall me, Dumbledore! We all know Hagrid isn't—"

"Minerva! We can't prove that—"

Pamff!

"Oh my God!" She had punched Dumbledore on the nose! And broken it. "I'm so sorry, sir. \_Episkey."\_

## 5. 5-Grief

**\*\*Grief: \*\***\_And every night, she woke up screaming from nightmares that had her all sweaty, and scratching Rubeus' chest and arms.\_

Rating: T

As the weeks went by, Hogwarts was slowly but surely being reconstructed, and the Death Eaters and their various sympathisers were put to trial. Rubeus Hagrid was helping in any capacity he could, but for Minerva McGonagall, everything was still tiring— The adrenalin was there during the day, and there was so much to do that she could forget her grief. As soon as she hit the pillow, she fell asleep. And every night, she woke up screaming from nightmares that

had her all sweaty, and scratching Rubeus' chest and arms. At that point, he usually woke up and held her tighter. Then, he would kiss her forehead, her nose, and her lips, and made her forget her name in ecstasy, reassuring her: he was alive, he was with her, he loved her, and would keep her safe.

It only worked until morning, and he wondered if the walls she was erecting were to separate them. Rubeus sighed. He was a simple man, he had cried a lot the days after the end of the Battle, he had held her in his arms, they had made love, and it was enough for him. Minerva, however, could not, would not let go, she had always been one to hold to the people she loved even after their death.

He was worried he was losing her, and had even consulted Poppy. He did not know what to do to make her feel better.

So he had taken to showing her how he felt. Loving notes containing an atrocious number of grammar and spelling mistakes made their way to wherever her "desk" was at the time. He made sure she took a break for dinner, whether with him, Poppy or any of their friends. Some evenings, when she was in a particularly melancholic mood, he managed to make her smile,â€| Little by little, she made the journey of grief.

A few years later, as he looked back, Rubeus Hagrid could still remember how beautiful she had looked the first night after the battle. Laying down beside her on their bed, each year at the same date, he would help her and she would help him, holding each other and remembering, making love until morning and falling asleep in each other'

End  
file.